

THE
TEMPEST



SHAKSPEARIAN
TALES IN VERSE.

NEW-YORK M^cLOUGHLIN BROTHERS.



Tempest:

THE TEMPEST:



BOAT upon a moonlit sea
Was floating without sail or
oar ;
A stately man within it sat,
Gazing upon the less'ning shore

A cherub child was on his knee,
Clasped closely by his circling
arm,
Who, by her little tender words,
E'en then his troubled soul
could charm.

The Duke of Milan thus is cast
Upon the foaming waters wild
(By his own wicked brother's
deed),
To perish with his only child.

But God sent aid with dawning
light,—
A lovely island he descried,
To whose fair shores, with ver-
dure clad,
The boat was drifted by the
tide.



He took his infant in his arms,
And sprang upon the yellow sand,
And there upon the shore he saw,
A gibb'ring monster, staring stand.

The only human creature there,
Who scarcely owned the name of man,
A speechless monster—but in time
The duke's strong servant—Caliban.

The banished Prince
a home soon made
Within a rosy coral
cave;
And Caliban (as we
have said)
Was his uncouth but
useful slave.

And other servants,
too, he had;
A hundred sprites his
will obeyed:
Fairies that dwelt in forest bow'rs,
Or spirits who on sunbeams played.



For he was skilled in magic arts,
And could "call spirits from the deep,"
And bid them hover round his child,
Or watch beside her mid-day sleep.



And thus within th' enchanted isle,
The sweet Miranda throve and grew,
Her father, and the sprites he ruled,
The only beings that she knew.

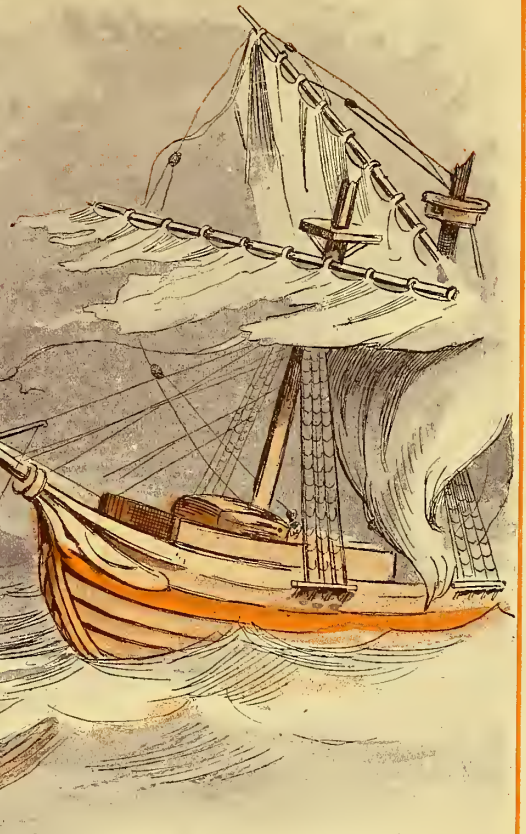
No birds nor animals were there ;
Yet oft beneath the cloudless skies
Sweet music floated on the air,
And sang her gentle lullabies.

The years rolled on; a stately maid
The young Miranda now had grown,
And Prospero, for her sweet sake,
Would fain once more possess a throne.



And Time and Chance now
stood his friends;
A stately ship was off the
shore;
And well he knew his ancient
foes
Across the seas that vessel
bore.
Now one dear spirit he em-
ployed,
Ariel — the airy creature's
name, —
Who always loved to do his will,
And at his slightest summons
came;
But yet his freedom often
craved, —
For spirits ever would be
free, —
The only gift the duke could give
His Ariel, was liberty.
And now the mighty master
called,
“ My Ariel, I need thy aid,
And if thou dost thy duty well,
With freedom thou shalt be
repaid.

“Go! Raise a tempest round
the Isle,
And by it let yon ship be
tossed,—
Cast all her crew upon the
land,
But do not let a life be lost.”



Swift Ariel at once obeyed,
And soon a mighty tempest
raised,
And while the winds and
waters strove,
About the ship like fire he
blazed.

Striking two guilty souls with fear
Who stood upon the flaming
deck ;
The wicked brother and the king,
Who saw Heav'n's judgment
in the wreck.

The King of Naples, who had joined
With that bad man in awful crime,
Believed the punishment he feared
Had come, in God's appointed
time.

For Ferdinand, his only son,
Had leapt distracted from the side,
And (as his weeping father thought)
Within the raging sea had died.
But Ariel the youth had borne,
Uninjured through the foaming
sea,
And laid him in unconscious rest,
Upon a verdant flow'ry lea.





There he awoke to magic strains,
Which seemed to mourn his father
dead,
And following the guiding sound,
To Prospero's own cell was led.

The fair Miranda there he saw—
Miranda, who had never known
The face of any human thing
Save her dear father's and her own.

She pitied him;—
thought “noth-
ing ill
Could in so fair a
temple dwell,”
But the wise
duke the youth
would test,
Before he came
within their
cell.

He feared lest King Alonzo's son
Might not be honest, true, and good,
So made him powerless by a spell,
And set him to bear logs of wood.

Miranda, sorry for his fate,
Would of his labor bear a part,
And by her generous kindness won
The captive prince's honest heart.



Prospero watched them both unseen,
And learned to trust his princely
slave;
Released him from his irksome toil,
And for his wife, Miranda gave.
Thus in the royal exile's cell,
The tale of love is told once
more;
And Ferdinand has won his queen,
Upon th' enchanted Island's shore.



Meantime the king and the bad
duke,
Who reigned in noble Prosper's
stead,
By wand'ring music and sweet
sounds,
About the fairy isle were led.
With them the good Gonzalo went
Prospero's tried and faithful friend,
Who comfort sought to give the
king,
For his fair son's untimely end.

Now Caliban was sent for wood ;
A lazy slave of late he'd grown,
Unwilling Prospero to serve,
Or any law of duty own.

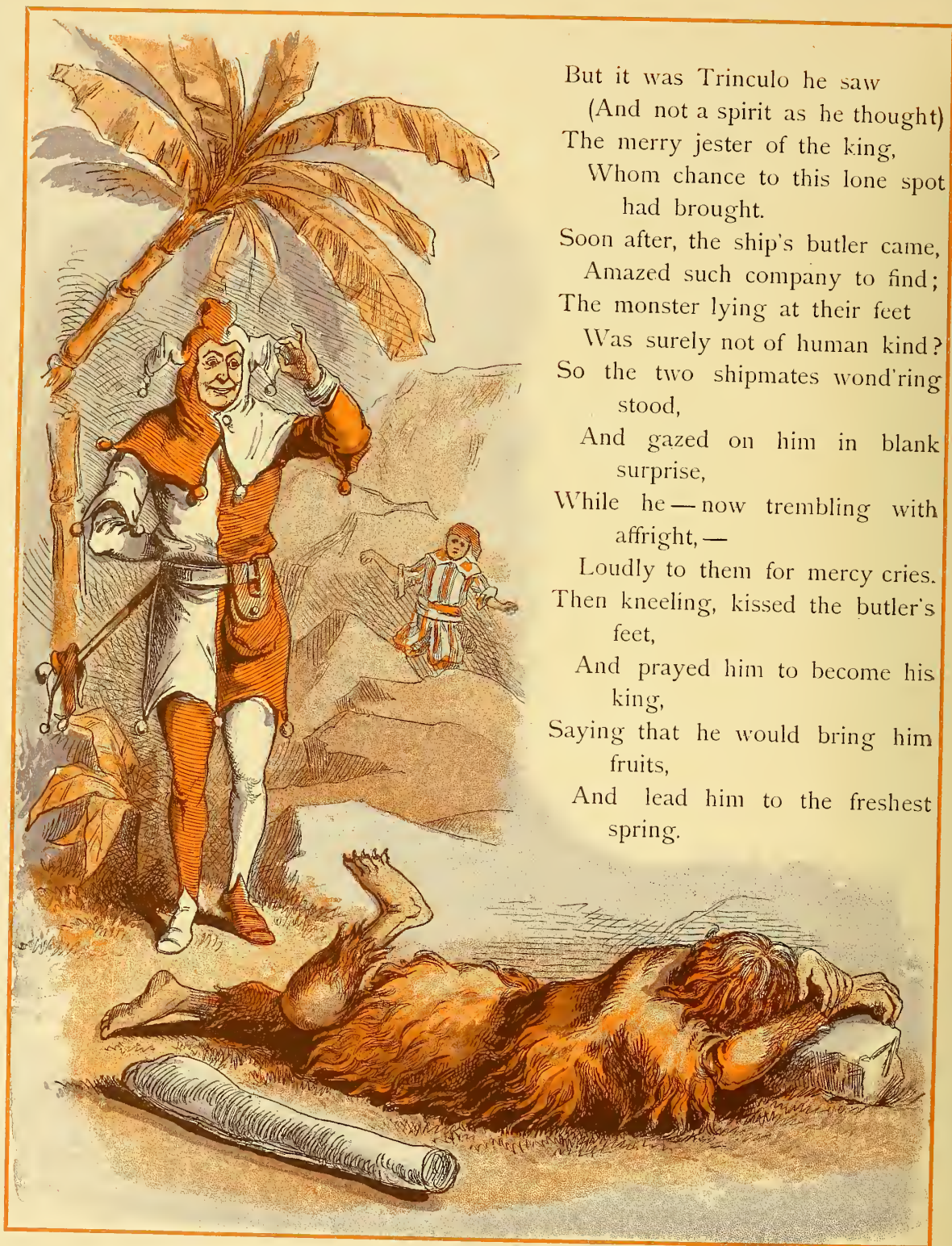
So the great master sent his
elves
To pinch him, or to give him
pricks,
To make him use his lazy strength,
And keep him from malicious
tricks.

Suddenly, as the wood he bore,
There came before his startled
sight,
One that he thought a sprite
must be,
Who might, perchance, pinch,
prick, or bite.

Then thinking if he lay down flat,
This strange new elf might
pass him by,
Upon the earth he threw himself,
And in deep slumber feigned
to lie.



But it was Trinculo he saw
(And not a spirit as he thought)
The merry jester of the king,
Whom chance to this lone spot
had brought.
Soon after, the ship's butler came,
Amazed such company to find;
The monster lying at their feet
Was surely not of human kind?
So the two shipmates wond'ring
stood,
And gazed on him in blank
surprise,
While he — now trembling with
affright, —
Loudly to them for mercy cries.
Then kneeling, kissed the butler's
feet,
And prayed him to become his
king,
Saying that he would bring him
fruits,
And lead him to the freshest
spring.



And when the butler gave consent,
Up from the earth the monster sprang,
And, reckless of Duke Prosper's power,
This song of wild defiance sang:

CALIBAN'S SONG Shakespeare:

No more dams I'll make for fish

Nor fetch firing

At requiring

scrape Trencher, nor wash Dish

Ban! Ban! Ca-Caliban!

Has a new Master get a new Man!—

The monster next his plans revealed:—

“While Prospero, his master, slept,
He—Caliban—should lead these men
To where the magic books were kept.

These they must seize ; then kill the
duke

While in his quiet sleep he lay—
Miranda should the butler wed—
Neither to this dark plot said nay!

But Ariel their treason heard,
And their fell purpose to defeat
Spread temptingly beside the path,
Rich garments for a monarch meet.

And while they quarrelled
o'er the spoil,
He brought a pack of
fairy hounds,

And hunted them the
forest through,

With shouts and merry
bugle sounds.

But still the king and
the bad duke
Searched smiling plain
and barren shore,
For the young prince
whom still they
hoped
The hungry ocean
would restore,




Yet dead they deemed him, for alas!
They found him not in grove or glade.
And now, with ceaseless wand'ring tired,
Upon the turf the king is laid.

Suddenly, on the tranquil air,
Soft solemn strains of music rise,
And figures, strange, fantastic, wild,
Appear before their startled eyes.



They bring a stately banquet in,
And then, with gestures quaint but meet,
Beckon the weary shipwrecked men
To rise, and at the table eat.

But as the king approached the board,
Thunder and lightning rent the sky,
And a great harpy—dreadful bird!—
Was seen upon the food to fly.



The banquet vanished: Ariel's voice
Their secret sins then loud pro-
claimed,
In burning words, till conscience
struck,
They bowed, repentant and
ashamed.

Then Prospero, with pity moved,
Declared himself, and pardon gave;
And showed to the unhappy king,
His rescued heir within his cave.

There with Miranda, chess he played.
The king with tears embraced his son;
And thus, the duchy he had lost,
By Prospero was fairly won.

His lovely child would wear a crown,
Of Naples she would be the Queen,
And never more upon that isle
Would Ariel or his lord be seen.
For Prospero will burn his books,
And set his much-loved spirit free,
Within the cowslip buds to lie,
Or roam the air at liberty.

Yet first, at Prospero's request,
The ship and crew all safe he brings;
And then, rejoicing, takes his flight,
And ever as he soars he sings.



ARIEL'S SONG Shakspeare.

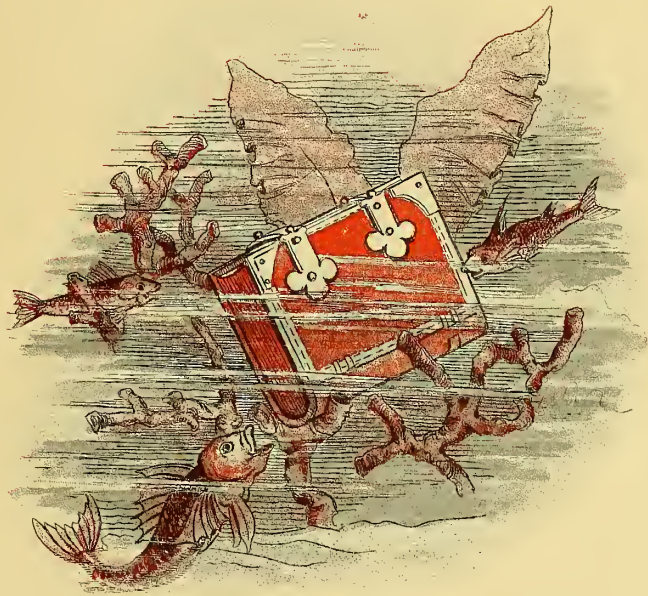
WHERE the Bee sucks there suck I
In a Cowslips bell I lie:
There I couch when Owls do cry

On the
Bats back
I do fly

After
Summer
merrily.

MERRILY! MERRILY! shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough





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